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HERE Fat Jack reclines—and there's no
one will rue it—

What, Jack Falstaff—no, no—his great
brother, Jack Hewitt.

An eight bottle toper where claret was
fine,

And wherever it was, he'd assuredly dine.
Tho' the sweets of the vintage he highest
respected,

Each dish at the table, he never neglected.
Whenever he din'd with Eblana's arch-
bishop,

The wonder-struck company gave ev'ry
dish up.

A turkey, and capon, and such little birds,
He gup'd like a school-boy a half'orth of
curds;

Six rounds of a twelve-penny loaf ev'ry
day,

In a well-butter'd toast, he devour'd at his
tea;—

'Twas a doubt with his friends, whether
Gog or Magog

Could eat or could swill with this over-
grown hog!

Among maudlin wits he was cock o' the
school,

But the wise ones pronounced him a damn-
able fool.

Not wise ones who knew that his coffers
were full,

For over-flowing coffers enrich ev'ry scull.
He liv'd a gay life, between eating and
drinking,

And of this and his money for ever was
thinking.

In this was his genius, his fame, and his
merit.

If our Falstaff did opposite virtues inherit,
Those virtues that live in an amiable breast,

His friend, my Lord Townsend*, must
tell you the rest.

ODE TO THE LIVER.

From the first Number of the Liverpool Mercury,

Writers on the etymology of the word Liverpool are accustomed to reject the tradition of the existence of a species of bird denominated the Liver, as entirely fabulous. For this there is certainly no sufficient reason. Livia was undoubtedly the Latin denomination of a wild bird, whether a wood-pigeon or a water fowl, is extremely doubtful, from the short description of it in Pliny. It was exactly the same as the πάλιας of the Greeks, and in both lan-

guages it probably derived its name from its swarthy or livid colour. The similarity of its Greek denomination to that of the πάλιας or pelican, induces me to believe that Pliny uses the word columba in its most extensive sense: from the nature of Greek appellatives it may be concluded that the πάλιας was as large, or larger, than the πάλιας.—It is worthy of remark, that Livio polis, the name of a town situated on the shores of the Euxine, the coast of which abounded with the bird Livia, and which name is generally derived from the Empress Livia, bears great similarity to the word Liverpool.—From the constant interchange of the letters b and v in the Greek and Latin languages, I have ventured to suppose the root of the word Liver to have been the same as that of Liber, free; and I have therefore styled the Liver the bird of Freedom.

ODE.

O, BIRD of freedom, that of yore,
Built thy lone nest on Mersey's shore,
Fond of his stoney bed,—
Till there the steps of man were heard,
And sails upon the stream appear'd,—
Thy pinions then, outspread,
Bore thee upon the winds sublime,
To seek, o'er distant waves, some solitary
clime

'Twas thine, what time the morning beam
Sparkled across thy native stream,
To skim the reflux wave;
When evening rose, with storms o'ercast,
Thy plumage ruffling in the blast,
'Twas thine the storm to brave;
Fearful of nought but man's vile race,
Shrieking, thou heard'st his voice, and fled
thy native place.

Yet, but the fisher's matted sail,
Scarce bending with the labouring gale,
Caught then thy startled sight:
His aspect wild, and rude his hand,—
His turf-hut reared upon the strand,
A shelter for the night.
Hadst thou remained with him awhile,
His rude, yet strenuous hand, had taught
these banks to smile.

Not yet the castle's feudal pride,
Raised, threat'ning o'er the Mersey's tide,
Its high embattl'd tower,
While, unenslaved, the fisher-swain,
Swept with wide net, the wealthy main,
Nor knew despotic power:
Nor were his toils with love unblest,
Love strew'd his sea-weed couch, and
claspt his sea-worn breast.

* *Marquis Townsend, who died a few days ago.*

O, Liver-bird, hadst thou remain'd,
 Ne'er had that humble swain complain'd,
 Of slavery's direful woes :
 But thou wert flown,—when on the shore,
 Its deep foundations stain'd with gore,
 The Poictier-turret rose.
 Then blasts of trumpets, clash of spears,
 And victor-shouts were heard, and wails
 of widows' tears.

'Twas then, the second Henry's band,
 Thicken'd, O Mersey, o'er thy strand,
 Fraught with Ierne's doom :
 How many born but to obey !—
 Manhood's full prime, with veterans grey,
 And youth in earliest bloom ;—
 How much of life is given to death,
 To swell a conqueror's fame with sad, ex-
 piring breath.

O Liver-bird, hadst thou not flown,
 That victor voice had not been known,
 Triumphant on thy flood :
 Nor after-ages e'er had seen,
 That fierce besieger's vengeful mien,
 Who swell'd thy stream with blood !
 When Rupert's courser crush'd the slain,
 And feeble age implored, and mothers
 shriek'd in vain.

'Twas ere that direful day, a star
 Shone o'er the western waves afar,
 With hesitating light :
 New mountains then their summits
 rear'd,
 A world, a new born world appear'd,

Slow rising on the sight !
 In those vast regions of the west,
 Hadst thou, O Liver, built thy close-seclu-
 ded nest ?

Ah, no !—not thee, Tlascala knew,
 Not the soft children of Peru,
 Not Hayti's listless race,—
 Nor yet Bahama's flowery isles,
 Nor northern Indians who, with wiles,
 Delight their foe to trace ;—
 These knew thee not, or thou hadst fled,
 Soon as his sanguine sails the greedy bigot
 spread.

Yet when the gentler arts were seen,
 And Commerce rose, the Ocean's queen,
 And sought thy Mersey's shore ;
 Hadst thou revisited this strand,
 Peace, who sustains just commerce' hand,
 Had blest the merchants' store :—
 Now droops that hand, and commerce
 pale,
 Laments her wasting wealth, and unextend-
 ed sail !

Return, O Liver !—Freedom's bird !
 Shall aught to Freedom be prefer'd
 On this thy native flood ?
 Return! the groans of trade-borne slaves
 Have ceased along the tropic waves—
 Ceas'd hath the gain of blood !
 And war, at thy return, shall cease,
 And man again rejoice in Freedom and
 in Peace. N.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IN the summer of 1809, a Russian officer of the name Hedenstroem, discovered a land in the Frozen Ocean, which he named New Siberia. The part he explored he calls the coast of St. Nicholas. Both natural history and geography will be enriched by this discovery.

The interment of Christ, pointed in fresco by Daniel de Volterra, has been removed from the wall of the church of the trinity, on the mount at Rome and transferred to a canvas, by Palmaroli. It is to be carried to Paris.

At a meeting of the Italian academy in January, 1810, a method of preventing the effect of Congrevè's rockets was described by Mons. Hess, of Zurich.

Tobacco being scarcely to be obtained in Norway, the dried leaves of the cherry-tree are employed there as a substitute, and are said to answer the purpose completely.

A new mode of making phosphorus in the large way, has been lately adopted by Mons. Curadau, of Paris. He mixes one hundred parts of calcined bones, thirty of potash,